

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher
RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

IN THE GARDEN.

The birds and bees are butterflies
A visit to the garden
Among the pinks and mimosettes.

CATHIE'S STORY.

Cathie Brown's Aunt Cathie, for whom she was named, used often to tell her that once, at least, in everybody's life, something happened "just like a story."

"Give it away? Well, it's your own money, Cathie. I am sure your father will be willing for you to do what you choose with the first money you ever had."

"And, mother," Cathie went on, "I don't want you to give it to me. I want you to give it to me."

"What do you want with money, Cathie?" asked her mother, who happened to hear her. Cathie blushed, but did not answer immediately.

"Yes, mother, I don't want a thing for myself."

"Now, if I were only a boy," she said to Aunt Cathie, "I would like to raise a piece of wheat, or potatoes, and sell them; and then I should have money of my own."

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"No, my boy," said the kindly, talking farmer, "none excepting what I would damage. I paid the little girl up under ten dollars for spoolin' her pretty flower garden. That was a hard one for the poor child. I wonder how she feels about it."

"She has tried to mend it up some," said Oscar, in a daze. "I found a bill, I thought, perhaps, you dropped it."

"No, I've lost none," said the man, driving away.

Oscar's mind was swift and keen. The first thought that had flashed through it was, "How strange that Cathie did not tell me about the money!"

"Now, don't cry, dear!" he begged. "I saw, when I went up the other day, what a pretty sight your posies were; and here I've been the means of spoiling 'em. Money can't be made any more, but there's ten dollars, and I might as well give it to her."

"You keep that money, little girl. It's a small recompense," he said, shaking his head emphatically; and he was off and away before she could speak.

"Why, shouldn't you? And don't feel badly about the flowers; they'll grow again."

"But, mother, are you sure that you are willing for me to—give this away?"

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Line as a Manure. Mr. R. Gordon, of Gordonshire, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, writes on this topic as follows, in the North British Agriculturalist.

Line is one of the most important natural manures we possess, and the value of its application to the soil has been known from very early periods.

The different circumstances and conditions of soil will not allow a uniform practice to be adopted, but judgment and experience only can regulate the application of all manures.

Every farmer should study his own soil, and thereby he would be able to avoid the mistakes of those who have not the means of knowing their own soil.

It is not the drover who lost it, Cathie, he said, quite calmly, the next day. "I have given up trying any more. I shall get my books, and when I am a man," his voice shook a little, "I will know how much good the money did me."

Cathie's eyes shone like stars. She clasped her hands as she had done when he found the money.

He bought the precious books and treasured them tenfold, for Cathie's sake.

The lame scholar had become an eminent naturalist, and Cathie had been his wife, before he told her the secret he had kept sacred so long.

And Cathie tells her own little laugh to-day that once, at least, in everybody's life something happens "just like a story."

Upper Rooms as Ovens. In the construction of perhaps nine out of ten of frame houses, and often times of brick, no adequate provision, if any, is made for ventilating the space between the upper ceiling and the roof.

The lower rooms are getting quite comfortable, but the upper rooms are like an oven.

The roof, if it is not of a material which is a good conductor of heat, will not prevent the heat from passing up into the rooms of the house.

Now, the roof being usually of wood, is not so good a conductor as the plastered walls of the ceiling, hence the heat will pass up into the rooms of the house.

It is extremely warm weather, refreshing beverages are very desirable, especially in the hay field, where one is exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, and the whole's steam is perspiring with heat.

Interfering, Over-Reaching, Stumbling, Etc. These unaccountable and objectionable imperfections seem not well understood by authors or horsemen.

It is a very cheap and most perfect lightning conductor that can be made.

—Rice water, barley water, oat meal water, with lemon and sugar, should be ready in every house where children are. These drinks are sweet and better than cold tea, which is often given, or doubtful milk. However, milk is better than anything, when it is sweet and pure.

—Chicken and Ham Roast. Take the neck of a chicken, the heart of a French or light home-bird roasts; take the cavity and fill with a mixture of minced chicken and ham. Stop the hole in the side with a wad of rump.

—Do not put clothes into the bluing-water until they have been well shaken; if tossed in while folded as they come through the wringer they are almost sure to be spotted.

—Sassafras Mead. Two quarts of boiling water; three and a half pints of sugar; pint and a half of molasses.

—Mixed Chow-chow. Take rough ground, green peppers, long and round, green grapes, nasturtiums, peas, etc.

—The cheapest, best, easiest put up lightning conductor that can be made.

—A few years ago some young Canadian brothers came to Michigan to make their fortune and a name, and not liking their Irish one, they Anglicized it to their country name.

—A traveler in Utah says that he counted fourteen infantile heads in one door of a cabin on the Jordan River. It is true, it was indeed a one-door light.

—A constable volunteered to watch a store which was to be robbed, at New Sharon, Iowa. He slept at his post, and the burglars took away his money, pistol and clothes, leaving him covered with molasses.

—A Mexican hornet has a stinger about the length of a common pin, but when he makes up his mind to take possession of a hammock the other fellow always vacates.

—Sitting-Bull talks French fluently, but not very good English.

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—A correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper in Honesdale, Pa., writes of the curious life and adventures of a woman named Lucy Ann Lobdell, who was married at seventeen, was deserted a year later, and became known as the "Female Hunter of Long Eddy."

—Lapham Peak is the highest in Wisconsin. It has another name, Holy Hill, and another distinction on account of the miracles said to be wrought there in answer to prayer.

—William Berry, of Cincinnati, was engaged to marry the widow Newkirk, and the day appointed for the wedding was close at hand.

—Richard Grant White has written a good deal concerning the sense and meanings of several old English words and phrases, and many of his remarks are very instructive and interesting.

—The old Charter Oak at Hartford is justly regarded as the pride of the city, and anything else in Connecticut, and the public throughout the United States have a vague idea that it has some history.

—It was a wise old French woman who once wrote: "The world can give a woman beauty, costume, wealth, many charms, many allures; but it cannot give her a woman's three things—the hand, the glance, the voice."

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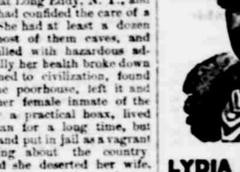
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WOMAN'S TRIUMPH! Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.



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